

My Funny Valentine - Parts 2/3/4

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Summary:

So, I'm new here and I fucked up. In my rush to orphan my fic, I didn't post chapters 2-4. So, here they are.

Sorry!

EnJoy...

90s Penny and 2017 Penny tagteam you, basically.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For [Mualhani](#), [Beastlybfs](#), [DJSpidersGeorg](#).

An hour and a half later, you're standing outside, shivering slightly in the brisk air, your fist poised to knock upon the trailer door.

Pennywise's alternative lair; the abandoned trailer he had requisitioned for such occasions. You had noticed it during an afternoon stroll with your parents, a large chrome-coloured beast, rusting away in the middle of the forest.

"Someone should tow the damn thing away to the junkyard." Your father had complained, "It's an eyesore."

You had thought differently. The trailer was an eyesore, certainly, but it was also the answer to a nagging problem in your life. A problem you never thought you'd ever have, but it was too late for regrets. Back then, you and Penny had been at loggerheads over your refusal to visit him, down in the sewers. You just couldn't bring yourself to go down there, which forced you to conduct your sordid business within your own home. Having Pennywise in your home two or three times a week was not ideal; the obvious issue with this situation being the possibility of being caught. *Anyone* could walk in, your *parents* could walk in, and the thought made you feel slightly uncomfortable, to say the least.

So, Penny might visit you at home now and again, or you might be persuaded to visit him in the sewers (a rare occasion), but the vast majority of your little trysts took place here, in this trailer. Fair enough, it wasn't much of a step up from the sewers; from the outside, it looked like a crack dealer's den. Or, to the more fanciful eye, the dwelling of a cannibalistic hillbilly clan. You had heard a kid say that, one of the small gang of teens who regularly traversed these woods, smoking dope and indiscriminately fucking one another.

"It's like in that old movie, guys. Those cannibals in '*The Hills Have Eyes*' - they had a creepy trailer, didn't they?"

No, they didn't.

The people had a trailer.

The people that they ate.

The victims.

You shiver involuntarily, and then snort at the memory; that *old movie* was released in 1977. It was barely eight years old. By that reckoning, you imagine that you must look ancient to those young eyes, even though you are not even out of your early twenties.

Spinster.

The thought lingers and, for a moment, you regret your choice of outfit.

Make yourself *pretty* for me, Penny had said.

You feel anything but pretty, in your dress and heels. The skirt of the burgundy dress skims your buttocks, the bodice is low and deep, and your legs are bare, lengthened by the heels; a pair of black patent ankle-snappers. Gorgeous, but completely impractical. In fact, you had carried the heels in your purse for most of the trip. It was a brisk walk of twenty minutes or so, from your house to the trailer, and you had worn your old converse, so as not to injure yourself along the way. The forest was unkempt and it was dark out here; too easy to trip, to fall on your ass, to slide into a ravine and break your leg.

Or your neck.

Thinking of such things makes you think of Penny; you are suddenly aware that he is waiting for you, inside. That you are keeping him waiting, and oh, *that will not do*, babydoll. Grimacing, you take out your compact mirror, checking your lipstick in the harsh blue light of the overhead bug-zapper.

Bzzzzzt.

A mosquito hits the dust.

You put away your mirror, steeling yourself, and then you knock upon the trailer door. After a moment, Pennywise answers, looming in the doorway like a fairytale giant. He's dressed in his usual garb, the flashy multi-coloured costume, and you're taken aback by his appearance. Not that you have a problem with it; in fact, you're quite partial to the clown-suit, in spite of the unpleasant connotations. But, more often than not, he's already stripped down to his vest and boxers by now. All part of the strange domestic scenario he likes to play out, here in the trailer; good old Penny and his little bride.

He looks you up and down, drinking you in, and then he nods his approval, moving aside to let you inside. The interior of the trailer is surprising clean, with a homey feel to it; you had seen to that, fitting the place out with second-hand furniture, scavenged from yard sales and from the edges of the Derry landfill.

Scrubbing the place on your hands and knees, half-naked, as Penny watched from the scruffy La-Z-Boy, cigar bobbing between his teeth. You hadn't been quite finished when he had moved behind you, in a fog of smoke, and tugged down your panties...

"We expected you sooner, baby."

He doesn't sound displeased, though. The outfit had obviously gone down well.

Wait a minute...

We?

You turn from your perusal of the kitchenette, your brow furrowed, and then your mouth drops open.

There's another clown, *another demonic fucking clown*, standing beside Pennywise, like a thing out of hell. It's a *huge* thing, taller than Penny by about a foot, with lanky limbs and a broad dome of a forehead. There's something uncannily familiar about this clown; the white face, the red lips, the bright hair.

The ravenous gleam in those staring eyes.

It's the same as Penny, you realise, with sudden horror. It's different,

slightly; it seems younger, hungrier, and the costume is almost plain, compared to Penny's garish suit. White and silver, with delicate ruffles and orange pom-pom buttons. Different, but the same, somehow. The same species...there are *two* of them, right here in Derry.

Right here, in this trailer.

With me.

Shit.

The newcomer is slavering, long streams of *drool* dripping from between his lips. Then, he smiles, revealing a sizeable gap between his large front teeth.

Hmm.

Kinda cute.

Your mind reels, disgusted at the thought.

Get a grip, {y/n}!

Murderous alien clowns are not cute.

Penny is watching you, waiting for your reaction.

Eventually, you manage a nervous smile, "Um, so...I didn't realise you had...company..."

He chuckles, delighted by your obvious unease, "Baby, allow me to introduce you to...your present! Happy Valentine's Day, {y/n}!"

2. Chapter 2

You stand there, staring at the two clowns, now completely dumbfounded by this sudden twist. You don't know whether to laugh or cry.

Or run out of the door, into the woods, and never look back.

Yeah, great idea.

If I do that, I'm dead meat.

They'll hunt me, chase me down like an animal.

Not that I'd get very far anyway, not in these stupid heels.

Somehow I don't think Penny will give me five minutes head start, to change into my converse.

You swallow, dismissing the desperate notion. There is no escape, you know that. Instead, you summon your last remaining ounce of courage and beckon Penny over, away from the other...the other *IT*.

"Daddy." You breathe the word, allowing a husky impudence to seep into your voice, "Daddy, I don't understand. Who is *he*?" You peer over Penny's shoulder, at the gangling creature. The tall clown smiles again; it is an unnerving smile, full of saliva and unspoken promises. Your eyes dart back to Penny's face. He is impassive, his mouth a solid line, his jaw taking on that familiar heavy jut, denoting annoyance and impatience.

Annoyance and impatience, with *you*.

"Already told you, baby. He's your present, for Valentine's Day." Penny purses his lips, eyeing you with disapproval, "Don't ya like him?"

You sidestep the question, "I like you, Penny. *Daddy*."

Penny rolls his eyes but, before he can speak, the other clown pipes up, in a sing-song voice, "Hello there, {y/n}! I'm Pennywise, the

Dancing Clown! Don't you wanna be my friend?"

A brief silence follows, broken only by the *splat* of drool upon the floor, and then Penny sighs, "Y'know, it's gonna get *real* confusing around here, if you insist on calling yourself that, my boy."

The second Pennywise breaks cover, his smile lapsing into a sullen pout, "I'm *not* a boy, old man. I am *eternal*. I am the eater of worlds, and of children."

You and Penny exchange an exasperated glance.

Yeah yeah, heard it all before, big guy.

The new clown's amber eyes shift to you, gleaming hungrily, and you find yourself shrinking back, hiding behind Penny. Better the devil you know, after all.

The second Pennywise smirks, "Speaking of food...is *this* the human you spoke of? The one you said was *too much fun* to eat? She doesn't look any fun to me." He moves forward, stooping to sniff the air. His smile broadens, his teeth sharpening, increasing in size, and in number, until he looks like some sort of nightmare fish from the deepest trench in the ocean.

Penny pushes you into the open, his hands planted firmly on your back. You protest, struggling, but to no avail. The newcomer sniffs at your face, his voice low and guttural, "Pah! She stinks of fear, like all the rest. *Delicious* fear." You close your eyes, waiting for him to sink those fangs into you, to bite you to death. The second Pennywise draws away, snickering, "I don't think she likes me. I don't think she wants to *play* with me."

Your Pennywise chuckles, pressing a kiss to the corner of your jaw. You ball your fists, resisting the urge to punch him in his smug clown face. His hands curl around your waist, moving slowly, lower and lower, until he snags the hem of your dress and lifts it, revealing you to be naked beneath the thin silk. You gasp, catching your lip between your teeth, your face flushing red. Holding you by the hip with one hand, firm but gentle, Penny slips the other hand between your legs, sliding his fingers into your core. You clench your thighs

around his wrist, embarrassed, but he only murmurs "*Open up for me, babydoll*" and you obey, helpless in his arms. Penny pumps his fingers into you, once, twice, twisting them inside of you until you're panting, your limbs trembling, and then he withdraws, leaving you on the cusp of orgasm. Supporting your weight, with an arm about your waist, he raises his soiled digits, still clad in a white glove.

The other clown snuffles at the proffered hand, breathing in the musk of your arousal, and you can see the hunger, the *desire*, in his wide eyes.

"Now." Penny's voice is rough, but there is a calculated mischief there, too. *And something else*. You think it might be *pride*, but you're not certain. He smirks, watching as his namesake chases your scent, "Ain't that something special? It's not blood, I'll give you that, but it's the next best thing. Hot and warm...and *wet*..."

The second Pennywise nods fervently, still snuffling at the glove, "Delicious. Not like blood, as you say. Blood, the blood of children; it is beyond all, it is the manna of the gods. But *this*...I like it. I can smell her fear, and her *heat*, and I want to *taste* it."

He glances at Penny, as though seeking approval, which is apparently given, although there are no words spoken between them. Then, without warning, he slides his tongue out, wagging it rudely at you, and then it is unfurling before your eyes, as long and wide as a firehose, and the pointed end descends to probe at your cunt, lathering you with warm saliva.

You cry out, in surprise at first, and then in outrage.

Outrage at this intrusion, at the sheer audacity of this stranger, and at Penny's treachery.

"Penny! Penny, tell him to stop! Penny, don't let him..."

Your indignant cries melt away, forgotten, as that *incredible* tongue slides between your pink folds. You stiffen in Penny's arms, and then you soften, boneless and helpless, gasping like a landed fish. The second Pennywise grins, his mouth stretched obscenely around the thickness of his tongue, his amber eyes blazing like fireworks as he

tastes you, *eats* you, forcing his tongue deeper into your cunt.

This can't be happening.

But it is happening. His tongue fills you, longer and thicker than any cock you've ever had up there, twisting and wriggling like an alien tentacle, hitting all the right spots inside of you. Your thighs are slick with saliva, with your own juices, and you find yourself drifting somewhere, outside of space and time, with cries of pleasure ringing in your ears, like the whistle of a train in the distance. When you finally orgasm, it hits you like a bullet to the gut, raw and violent. You are standing on your tiptoes, your hips tilted forward, your muscles twitching around the clown's tongue, and only Penny's strong forearms around your waist keep you rooted to the ground; you feel as though you could float away.

Just float away, into the night sky, like one of those damn balloons...

The tongue withdraws, with agonising deliberation, lingering to lap the wetness from your thighs.

"Mmm, you're sooo sweet, so sweet and juicy for me."

The tall clown grunts with pleasure, his eyes rolling back into his skull.

"Shit..."

Your voice sounds alien, in the stillness of the trailer. Your limbs are trembling.

The silence is broken by the hollow thwack of Penny's hand against your ass, but it takes a moment for the sound to register, you're that out of it. He spansks you again, harder this time, and the stinging pain brings you back to your senses.

"Mind your language, babydoll."

Breathing hard, you lean back into his arms, raising your chin to look up at him, "Sorry, Daddy."

He smiles, running a gloved finger across your parted lips, "Did you

like that, sweet thing? Did you like his tongue in there, deep in your tight cunt?" You can only nod your head, not trusting yourself to speak. Penny chuckles, reaching down to force his thumb into you, swirling it across your throbbing clit. You're still sensitive and it's too much, *almost* too much.

"Nuh-no ..."

You moan weakly, trying to pull away, but he holds you flush against his chest. He smirks, pressing down upon your clit, and your eyes go wide, seeing stars.

"This is mine." His voice is soft, almost a whisper, but you can feel the tension in his body, the barely concealed threat behind his words. It makes you weak at the knees, this sudden possessiveness. Penny growls, sliding his thumb down, into your drenched hole, "Your little pussy is mine, and *you* are mine, {y/n}. Don't forget it."

You grunt, your hips juddering, "I won't forget, Daddy. I'm yours. Only yours."

"Good girl." Abruptly, he withdraws, pushing you forward so that you stumble to your knees, between the two clowns. You glance back at Penny, glowering, but he only smirks, rubbing his hands together, "Not bad, for a start, but I think we can do better. My babydoll deserves only the best, for Valentine's Day." He helps you to your feet, his bright eyes raking over your quivering legs, "You wanna get fucked, princess?"

You manage a shaky nod. Penny raises his thin eyebrows, challenging you, "Yeah? You sure you can take it?"

You nod again, stronger this time, and he smiles fondly, "That's my girl." You half-expect him to throw you back to the floor and go straight to town, like the nasty asshole he is, and you find yourself wondering what part he has planned for the other clown, in this new game. You needn't have bothered, though; as always, Penny is three steps ahead of you. He moves away, sinking back into his battered La-Z-Boy, and slips a cigar between his red lips. You quirk an eyebrow at him, confused and uneasy, but he only laughs, lighting the cigar and sending a plume of smoke into your face.

"I'm gonna let this young buck take a shot at ya." Penny inclines his head at your guest. You frown, planting your hands upon your hips like a sullen child, but he is unmoved. He shrugs, reclining back in the chair, his legs crossed at the ankle, "I'll sit this round out, baby. Don't worry your pretty little head about me, though. Gonna enjoy watching you get fucked..."

"Oho!" The second clown edges forward, leaving a trail of drool in his wake. He grins lasciviously, showing his teeth, "Ol' Pennywise wants to play Peepin' Tom, does he?"

Penny rolls his eyes, huffing impatiently through the thickening cloud of cigar-smoke, "The word is *voyeur*, you peasant." He waves his hand imperiously, like a king on his throne, "Enough talking. Get down to it, before I change my mind and show you how it's done."

Hey, wait a minute!

Don't I get a say in this?

You open your mouth, fully intending to give them both a piece of your mind but, before you can speak a word, long fingers curl around your ankles and pull your legs out from under you. The fall drives the air from your lungs, in a loud grunt, and then you are being dragged across the linoleum floor, the skirt of your dress riding up, exposing the naked curve of your ass. The tall clown rolls you over and crouches atop you, like a pale spider, his hands at your wrists, pinning you. He lowers his face to yours, his eyes half-hidden beneath heavy lids, and he *sniffs* at you, like a dog with a bitch in heat. He snuffles at your mouth, your throat, your breasts, and then down, *down*, until his nose is teasing your folds. Your hips jerk upwards and you squeal, but he keeps you trapped beneath him, until he has had his fill of your scent.

"Sweet girl." The second Pennywise coos, moving to grind his lower body against yours, with slow and measured strokes, "My sweet little candy toy. *Oh*, I just wanna eat you *up*." He pops his lips at you, giggling, and lowers his mouth to your breasts.

You see the gleam of sharp fangs as his head descends. You tense, steeling yourself for the bite, but he blows a raspberry instead, upon

the swell of your left breast. You can't help but let out a nervous laugh at that, but then he pulls away, shedding his pantaloons, and your eyes go wide at the sight of his immense cock.

Fuck.

It seems to be growing before your eyes.

Shit. I'm not a clown car, you know!

Penny likes to stretch you out, likes to have your muscles burning around his thickness, but this is just *ridiculous*. The new guy's dick looks more like a man's forearm, with the fist clenched, ready to punch through your cunt. He looms over you, dragging the head of his cock over your entrance. Saliva drips from the points of his teeth, pooling around your navel, warm and viscous.

"Are you afraid of me, human?"

The second Pennywise's voice is low, rumbling through you like thunder.

You force yourself to meet his eyes, "Fuck you, clown."

Somewhere overhead, Penny chuckles.

The thing on top of you smirks, "Have it your way, sweetheart."

He thrusts, slicing into you like a knife, and you *scream*. He ploughs on, ignoring your cries, giving you no quarter, no time to adjust to his bulk. Pain blossoms across your midriff and you heave yourself upwards, your eyes streaming, almost expecting to see his cock ripping through your stomach. But he's only half-way in, and he knows better than to go any further; he knows the limits of your body. The pain is subsiding, little by little, and now there is *pleasure* with it, and you curl your legs around his slender waist, urging him on.

The clown needs little encouragement. He snarls, pounding into your pussy. His fingers are talons, the nails growing, biting into your wrists. Amber eyes blazing, he surrenders to his basest instincts, to his bloodlust, and drags his teeth across your skin. His maw gapes,

encasing your throat, and he growls, shaking his head back and forth.

Like a pit-bull with a rat in its jaws, worrying its prey to death.

Suddenly, you feel a pang of terror, beneath the overwhelming surge of desire.

He's losing control. He's too far gone to know when to stop.

You raise your eyes desperately, searching through the smoke for Penny. He is watching you, his features alive with lust, but there is a careful tilt to his seat, a wariness in his eyes, and his fingers are tapping upon the cigar with a compulsive rhythm. Finally, he clears his throat, his voice cutting through the cacophony.

"You're supposed to be *fucking* her, kiddo. Not eating her."

A pause. The second Pennywise stops growling and giggling, stops thrusting, and the pressure upon your throat begins to ease, allowing you to take a gulping breath of much-needed air. Your monstrous lover sheathes his fangs, and his claws, glowering up at the other clown.

Penny chuckles, "You can chew on her, and you can use her as a scratch-post, by all means." He inhales, holds the smoke in his mouth, and blows out. His eyes sharpen, fixed upon this shameless interloper, "But she's *not* on the menu. Plenty of horny teenagers out there in the woods, if you need a midnight snack. Just have a little respect for my property, yeah?"

You smile weakly. The interloper rolls his eyes, huffing loudly. But his hips are moving again, almost of their own accord. He unfurls his tongue, rolling it across your breasts, curling the tip of it around your nipple.

"Don't you wanna play, Daddy?" You gaze up at Penny, your eyes hazy with pleasure, "Play with us."

Penny clicks his fingers, "Alright doll, get over here."

You slide out from beneath the tall clown, crawling across the floor to kneel between Penny's legs. His dick is out, thick and heavy

against the palm of his hand. He taps your head with the other hand, "Mouth open, ass up. We're gonna fill you, baby. You ready?"

The other clown is behind you, his claws sinking into your hips, pulling you down onto that almighty *beast* of a cock. At the same time, Penny curls his fingers into your hair, forcing your head down. You slide your lips over the head of his manhood.

His clownhood.

The thought makes you snigger, childishly. Penny gives your hair a sharp tug, "Something funny, slut? *No?* Thought not. Come on, get sucking."

You bob your head dutifully, mouth stretched around his fat dick, leaving drool and lipstick stains on his white skin. The second Pennywise is riding you hard, making you moan, despite your substantial mouthful. You arch your back, wanting more. Suddenly, he thrusts up even harder, spearing you, forcing you forward, until Penny's cock grazes the roof of your mouth and his balls thud under your chin.

You gag, pulling away to cough into your hand. Your eyes are streaming again. The third member of this little fuck party does not even break his stride, gibbering loudly behind you and clawing your back to bloody ribbons.

Penny purses his lips. He has one hand in your hair, the other wrapped around his shaft.

"You okay, {y/n}?"

He doesn't sound too concerned.

He sounds pissed.

Your coughing subsides and you finally manage to speak, your voice small and apologetic, "I'm sorry, Pen. I-I don't think I can take it. It's too much. I *can't*..."

He sighs, tapping the head of his cock against your lips. His grip upon your hair loosens. He runs his fingers through your tousled curls,

trying to soothe you.

“You *can*, babydoll. I know you can.”

You take a shuddering breath and open your mouth, taking him in, as deep as you can.

3. Chapter 3

This time, things go smoothly, and you have a dim suspicion that the two of them are sharing a telepathic link or something, in order to better time their movements and prevent another incident. Penny likes a bit of choking, though, so he makes sure that you don't get off too easy. Still, you're enjoying this so much that you eventually lose track of how many times you've managed to cum. Your thighs are slick by the end of it, all the way down to where they meet your knees, and there is a puddle on the linoleum, between your legs.

The clowns enjoyed it too, you think. Penny seemed very pleased with his present, and with you. The second Pennywise even pats your head before he disappears into the night.

Time for his midnight snack, I guess.

You repress the thought, smiling wanly when he giggles and boops you on the nose.

"I had fun, honey-pie. Maybe I'll see you around town?"

It is not a question, even though he makes it sound like one. He smirks, waggling his fingers, and then he is gone, in a puff of brightly coloured smoke. The smell of popcorn lingers, barely concealing the underlying traces of blood and decay, sulphur and sex. You wave your hands, trying to waft the fumes out of the window.

"Ugh. Well, that's just charming, isn't it?" You survey the room, grimacing at the mess upon the floor, "And I suppose I'm on clean-up duty? Typical."

Penny is slumped in his chair, smoking and muttering to himself.

"What's eating you?"

It's a horrible joke. You sigh, climbing onto his lap.

"You okay?"

"Just pissed at that little twerp." He grumbles, the words distorted by

the cigar hanging from the corner of his mouth, “Little bastard. *Maybe I’ll see you around town.* Who does he think he is?”

You shrug, “I quite like him. He’s kinda cute.”

Penny scowls, “You have no taste, baby.”

“Well, *you* brought him over here. Wasn’t my idea.” You smile, reaching for your glass of water, “Thank you. For my present, I mean. It was very...sweet of you.” Penny grumbles again, stubbing out his cigar in the ‘Love from Castle Rock’ ashtray you had pilfered from among your ex-boyfriend’s belongings. You rest your head upon his shoulder, “So, I take it you don’t want any visitors from now on?”

He snorts, “Not sayin’ that. He can come over, if he’s invited. By *me*.”

You chuckle, running your hand through his hair. After a few moments, your thoughts inevitably turn to the other clown.

“Where’d you find him, anyway? How can there be two of you?”

Penny shakes his head, “I thought I was the only one. The Macroverse is empty, now that the stupid Turtle is dead. Never met another being like me, until this one showed up in the sewers a couple of weeks back. Never even felt his presence.” He lights another cigar, a smirk spreading over his white face, “Maybe he’s one of my brood. One from years back. Didn’t think any of them had ever even hatched, let alone grew to adulthood.”

You eye him closely, wondering if he’s messing with you, but one look at his face tells you that he’s dead serious. Revulsion curdles your stomach.

“You can have babies?”

“Offspring.” Pennywise corrects you, smoke rolling from between his lips, “Doesn’t happen very often. I’ve had a few , over the centuries. Nothing ever came of it, though. Until now.”

“So, he’s your kid?”

He shrugs, “Maybe. He’s still a little shit, though.”

Like father, like son.

You can't get your head around it.

"How? How does it even work, if you're the only one of your species?"

Penny rolls his eyes, "I can reproduce asexually. Like a frog." He bulges his cheeks comically, smoke billowing out of either side of his mouth.

"Oh." You don't laugh. Not for the first time, you contemplate taking a stroll along to the station and handing yourself in to the cops. You'll tell them everything you know, and you'll see an end to this madness, once and for all. Deep down, you know they won't believe you, though. There's something horribly wrong with this town; Derry is rotten to the core. You sigh, curling against Penny's chest.

Suddenly, a thought occurs to you.

A terrible thought.

"So, you couldn't get a *human* pregnant, could you?"

Penny's eyes go wide, surprise registering there, just for a moment. Then, he shrugs, his voice contemplative, "No, I don't think so." He grins suddenly, lowering his head to mouth at her shoulder, "Why you askin', baby? You want me to breed you? Fill you with a litter of Pennies?"

"Ugh, no thanks."

You pull away, your voice heavy with disgust, but a bolt of hot lightning frissons through your pelvis. You shuffle out of Penny's lap, taking your empty glass over to the sink in a futile attempt to maintain your sanity.

Penny chuckles, picking up a discarded newspaper. The front page shows a photo of a missing child. You shiver involuntarily, and then wince, cupping a hand between your legs.

He glances up at you, frowning slightly, "You okay, babydoll?"

You nod, grimacing, “I’m okay. Just a little sore, I guess.”

The clown looks slightly put-out, “Oh yeah, I forgot. He’s *bigger* than me, isn’t he?”

“Yeah.” You shrug, favouring him with a warm smile, “I like you better, though.”

“Good.” Penny’s voice is gruff. He studies you for a moment, before turning back to his newspaper, “I like you too.”